

TRAMP IN CORNWALL.

A Country Dreary in Its Aspect, but Full of Entrancing Nooks.

ORIGIN OF THE CORNISH FOLK.

Their Race Characteristics as They Strike Edgar L. Wakeman.

ROADSIDE INCIDENTS AND SCENES

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

TRAMP CORNWALL, June 16.—Almost until today, as time is measured, Cornwall has been to the remainder of England a veritable terra incognita, "West Barbary" it was contemptuously called to describe its uncanniness, its supposed ignorance and its popularly accredited semi-barbarism.

Of its 400,000 souls, one-tenth, from youth to death, in darkness pick and blast in shift and drift beneath its wind-swept moors. Until a century since a distinct language, the Cornish Celtic, was spoken, taught and preached. To-day in some of the larger towns "the purest English spoken" is said to prevail; but again to-day not a league from these towns, among fishermen, miners and peasants, an ordinary Englishman or American can scarcely understand a word uttered. Yet here are life and scenes of the greatest fascination; both life and scene of simplicity, beauty and grandeur; while romance and legend glow wondrously in every tor,combe and stream; romance and legend the oldest and most winsome in all England. Here lived, or were born to deathless legend, Arthur, Lancelot and Guinevere, and the brave old Round Table knights.

Geographic Oddities of Cornwall.

It is a curious shaped bit of land, this rugged old Cornwall. Its geographic contour suggests the strange silhouette of some couchant gigantic mastiff, or huge wild beast. It is easy to see in its southernmost outcroaching, its two powerful feet. In its northern coast line will be found its braced and bristling back. In its most northern projection will be seen an erect and defiant tail. In its eastern Devonshire boundary are its massive haunches and hind feet wedged against the great granite of Devon. And its furthermost sea-point, ocean-battling promontory, is the open mouth of the stone leviathan, set savagely toward the seething Scilly Isles, forever lashed with storms and borne of its interminable battles with the Atlantic.

Were you to stand, as I have done, on Hensbarrow, one of its drear and highest peaks, you could see smiling Devon to the east; almost, Landed its farthest westward wall; to Lizard Head, its remotest southern headland; across its entire reach of hills and moorlands, far out upon St. George's Channel to the northwest and over the white sails of fisher and coaster to the southeast, even to the dim cones of that most wondrous of all mariners' beacons, the splendid Eddystone Lighthouse.

But standing on that spot little else than apparent desolation meets the eye. The moorlands stretch dolorously as if in boundless loneliness. The tors or hills are bleak and bare. The whole face of nature seems torn and scorched, as if by tremendous elemental struggles. Yet all these deserts and chasms which disfigure it were made by the hand of man. Its granite, shale and slate hide copper, tin and iron.

Work of Long-Extinct Volcanoes.

For more than 3,000 years its surface has been cleft and its depths gored and bored until its face is a maze of craters. Along the rocky backbone of Cornwall, and along the north coast, in summer, and everywhere upon the south coast in summer, and nearly all winter, are never-ending surprises of scenic beauty. Indeed the entire south coast of England and Irish coast, and the semi-tropic lands. Semi-tropic bits of land surely can be found; for I have seen at Bournemouth, at Torquay and at Plymouth, in England, at Truro, Falmouth and Penzance in Cornwall, and at Youghal, and Longside Sir Walter Raleigh's old home, in Ireland, roses in full bloom and luxuriantly foliaged myrtle, out of doors in mid-winter.

This is what you will see and feel and know among the towns and towers along the rocky backbone of Cornwall. But along the north coast, in summer, and everywhere upon the south coast in summer, and nearly all winter, are never-ending surprises of scenic beauty. Indeed the entire south coast of England and Irish coast, and the semi-tropic lands. Semi-tropic bits of land surely can be found; for I have seen at Bournemouth, at Torquay and at Plymouth, in England, at Truro, Falmouth and Penzance in Cornwall, and at Youghal, and Longside Sir Walter Raleigh's old home, in Ireland, roses in full bloom and luxuriantly foliaged myrtle, out of doors in mid-winter.

Along the way I am leisurely tramping, with the English Channel always in sight, are innumerable Cornish valleys of slumberous beauty. Tiny burns and combs are out through the walls by the sea. Through every one limped streams go singing and tumbling to the ocean. Along the valley sides are white hamlets, or the quaint old homes, the rich acres and the sleek herds of the thrifty farmers of Cornwall.

Lovely Valleys on Every Hand.

Tramp these coast roads but a mile, and you will suddenly stumble upon these lovely valleys—the streams, the farms half hidden by generous foliage dotting the sides far up the combs as they can reach; here a rumbling old mill; there a nesting church; below you a quaint old village; beyond, the tiny haven skirted by the homes of fishers, and speckled by odd old fisher's crafts; farther a tide plunging up between massive haven walls, or a straggling of low tide rock and drift; and at last the bright blue sea. Beautiful scenes are these for the eye and the heart-mind to dwell upon and. I thanked him heartily on alighting. "Somebody somewhere else upon all of England's coast."

Just before you pass from Devonshire into Cornwall you will find most intense the English suspicion of the Cornish. Black as a pit mouth, "alf on 'em. An' 'blessed if you'll get noll 't eat better 'n' 'ogans 'n' 'jaggans, from Saltash to Land's End."

No people in the world are more clanlike, or more recent encroachment by marriage or in social and business affairs, than the Cornish. Their olden language, superstitions and traditions are all Celtic. They are impassioned, impulsive, and excitable as are all Celts; but they possess a dumb patience, an aggressive defensiveness against innovation and an humble and steadfast spirit which reveals something like the Hebrew strain.

A Frank and Sincere Folk. Their ways are rough, and Cornish manners are the frankest and sincerest of any people I have ever been among. They comprise simply meaning what you say and saying what you mean, whatever the subject or occasion. All this, too, with absolute unconsciousness of affront. Between Polperro and Lanlaur a youth gave me a help along the way in his donkey cart laden with sand. I thanked him heartily on alighting. "Somebody somewhere else upon all of England's coast."

Between Saltash and Truro, made application at the houses of many farmers for food and lodging. The food could always

be had by paying for it before it was eaten. But the latter could not be got for any wheedling or sum of money. They would bluntly tell me to find an inn. If I professed ignorance of the locality of one, they would go, or send someone, with me, until I was dismissed by escort before the place was reached, determined to pass the night in the homes of the lowly.

This sort of procedure and conversation with others than farmers upon the subject, gradually developed the fact that Cornish farmers have nothing in common with the great body of Cornish people. They are a species of "gentry" in the minds of the latter. Though only tenant farmers, their holdings are large for England, from 20 to 100 acres, and have been occupied for generations by the same families on 99 years' leases. They often go to "Lunnon," and their children are sent to Truro, a single village. They are staunch supporters of the Established Church, while the masses are Wesleyans.

People Who Are Ever Hospitable.

But the fisher and mining folk are unequivocally hospitable. The fisherman will take care of you in his little cottage without question, without locking a thing in his habitation against you, but still with a dumb sort of quiescence. The miner is a more rough and ready fellow, and if not always hearty about it, settles the matter for or against you at once. All this the literary tramp will quickly discover; and I shortly began directing my diplomacy toward the ordinary home in the mining villages.

You will find them through nearly all the length of Cornwall from Liskeard to Penzance, and they are seldom clustered in dirty villages contiguous to the mines as in our country. I do not recall a single instance of this sort during my entire journey. Two, three, four, a half dozen and sometimes a score, may be found together. They are in all sorts of odd and out-of-the-way places, on the roads and off. Like the Irish cabins, they are often at the back, instead of at the front, of somewhere or anywhere. Nearest to a mine seems to possess no advantage.

The Furniture of the "Cousin Jack's" Home.

The furniture of the "brades," a triangular iron on legs, on which, usually over four fires, the kettles boil, the circular cast iron "bakey" and cover set, and the fish or meat, when they can be indulged in, is "scrowled" or grilled. There are perhaps four chairs. These will have solid mahogany frames, but the seats are of painted pine, and are not really a single piece of wood. The seats are of painted pine, and are not really a single piece of wood. The seats are of painted pine, and are not really a single piece of wood.

Furniture of Original Design.

The single table is of pine, one top, each with the sides, the other, detached, two inches thick, one side unpainted and a rotten greenish white daily with "growder," a scoured granite which lathers like soap, and the other side painted for Sunday or "company" use, and a drawer beneath for food or cutlery. The table was something startling in cheap goods, and each member of the family is provided with a real "chany" cup and saucer with a gorgeous gilt band. Two or three rude engraving, generally of Scriptural subjects in cheap oaken frames, such as the village carpenter may make, with the beds and bedding under the thatch, complete the furniture of the miner's cottage.

For his class and means he is a generous liver. Soups and stews are consumed by the gallon. For his breakfast, if he is out of the mine, "mawther," the wife, will provide the usually villainous "day" composed by the English and Irish working classes, infrequently an egg, perhaps a bit saffron-cake, a Cornish favorite apparently devoid of everything but sweet and color, and may be, bread (without butter) and treacle. Sometimes this is varied with "butter-sops," stale bread scalded and seasoned meagerly. At noon, or for the mine "croust," or lunch, there are "taty pasties," or potatoes and yagrat meat scraps enclosed in a crescent-shaped crust, interchangeable with "biggy pasties," the same as "taty pasties," with a few raisins added. "Hog gans" or round pork-pies, and "pig gans" tough crust cakes so hard, at least in Cornish renown, that they would not break if hurled down a 1,000 fathom mine shaft. For supper, "croust," that is, lunch of the day, with one or two of the provisions, or perhaps a "baker's tatie," which means mashed potatoes fried in grease, turned and browned, and cut in as segments as there are members of the family, is the prevalent "croust" of the big Sunday meal, however, is seldom lacking in a generous supply of boiling meat, and as every cottage has its acre or half-acre garden, there is always, in summer, a bountiful supply of vegetables in the Cornish miner's home.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

COLLEGE DAYS OVER.

Graduation Exercises at the University of Pennsylvania—Where the Prizes Went—Pennsylvania Boys Got at Least Their Share of the Plums.

PHILADELPHIA, June 16.—[Special.]—College days are over for the class of '22 at the University of Pennsylvania. The ivy and the ivy tablet which are to remind future classes of the greatness of those who have gone before were put in place on the walls of College Hall on Tuesday with appropriate ceremonies, and the fun of four years was summed up at the class-day exercises yesterday. To-day the class took the final farewell of alma mater. This was the university's one hundred and thirty-sixth annual commencement, held in the Academy of Music. There were 108 graduates in arts, science, law and veterinary medicine, besides 17 who received certificates of the medical and dental commencement was held last month.

The exercises were begun at noon to-day with the procession of the provost, trustees, guests, deans, and undergraduates. Matthew Patton, Doctor of Pennington, was the first speaker, delivering the bachelor's oration, "Celeritas Ingeniorum." Robert R. Bradford, of Delaware, had the law oration, "The Aristocrat and Society." Dr. Ernest F. Miel, of New York, 68, delivered the master's oration, "New Wine in New Bottles," and the valedictory was delivered by William Duane, of New Jersey, the student body oration, "Extension in Athens." The candidates then came forward and received their diplomas from Provost Pepper.

Besides the conferring of degrees upon undergraduates, five master's degrees were given, seven technical degrees in engineering and 11 degrees in divinity, medicine and dentistry. Five degrees of Doctor of Philosophy were conferred, including one upon Miss Anna B. Brown, who is the first woman to receive this degree from the University. William W. Gilchrist, the composer, was made Doctor of Music; and Richard C. McMurtrie, the well-known lawyer, was made Doctor of Law.

The prizes were awarded as follows: By the college faculty, senior essay in philosophy, William Duane, New Jersey; junior Greek prize, Arthur W. Howe, Pennsylvania; the Greek prize, Charles H. Magee, of Pennsylvania; junior mathematical prize in quaternions, equally to C. H. Hallett and A. M. Greene, of Pennsylvania; senior essay, in literature, to Carl Friedrich Hausmann, of Adrian, Mich.

Sophomore declaration prize to Ernest M. Paddock, Prize for drawing, James H. Collet. The alumni of the university awarded two prizes, one for the best junior oration, to M. Kendrick, and one for the best senior English essay, to U. S. Schaul. Chas. M. Magee, of Pennsylvania, took the freshman essay prize, and the senior political economy prize was awarded equally between William Duane, of New Jersey, Charles Gable, Pennsylvania, and Clifton Maloney, Frank P. Witmer took the junior engineering prize, and E. H. Fetterolf the prize in sophomore composition offered by the Phi Kappa Sigma Society.

Christopher Graham, of Rochester, Minn., was awarded the prize of \$100, in veterinary medicine. In the Law Department, the Shubert prize of \$75, was given to Francis H. Bohlen, of Pennsylvania, and the Meredith

prize of \$50 was awarded to Robert R. P. Bradford, of Delaware. John A. McCarthy, of Pennsylvania, took the Johnson prize for his graduating essay, and the Morris prize of \$50, went to John A. McCarthy. The faculty prize of \$50 for the best all-round examination was given to Francis H. Bohlen, of Pennsylvania.

HARNESSES FOR NIAGARA.

Colonel Henkle's Latest Scheme for Getting Power From the Falls.

NIAGARA FALLS, June 16.—[Special.]—Ten years ago Colonel Leonard Henkle announced his purpose to transmit the power of Niagara Falls to the cities of the Dominion and the United States. Now, he comes with another great scheme. He would erect an immense building, 300 feet high, having a tower 250 feet high, from the Goat Island Shore to the mainland on the Canada side. Iron chutes would conduct the water from the rapids above the Falls to the building. The flow of water into these chutes would commence some distance up stream, and by the time the building was reached there would be a fall of 300 feet or more to the river bed. Powerful turbines would be located in the wheel pits in this imposing structure, and then the great river would fall and generate power, according to Henkle.

"Not one bit of excavation will be necessary," said he, "for huge plates to fit the river's bottom will be cast for a foundation. Not a bit of water will be diverted from its usual course, but this mighty river, as it flows through our building, will contribute its awful force for man's benefit and profit. There are \$18,800,000 back of me, and we shall attain success." Asked how he would make the first connection from shore to shore at this dangerous spot, he replied: "By shooting a silver wire across." It remains to be seen whether the Colonel is again ten years ahead of the times.

PROHIBITIONISTS COME NEXT.

Cincinnati Preparing for the One Convention Throat Upon Her.

CINCINNATI, June 16.—The National Prohibition Convention, which meets here in Music Hall June 29, begins to attract public attention. The number of delegates is astonishingly large, being 1,191. The local committee is quite busy in arranging for the comfort of delegates and for the accommodation of the representatives of the press.

The discussion of candidates has brought out the names of G. Stewart, of Ohio; Briggs, of New York; and Peasey, of Texas; Rev. D. C. Kelly, of Tennessee; J. P. St. John, Rev. R. Leonard, W. Jennings Demorest and H. Clay Bascom, of New York, and others. Among the things possible to be considered is a change of name of the party and a broadening of the platform to include other reform ideas besides that of the liquor traffic.

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